

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all my claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."



—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 516 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

It's the bill for a woman's stunning gown that shocks her husband.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Don't stretch the truth too far or the recoil may knock you out.

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

A Mistake. General Funston was talking to a correspondent about the Mexican situation.

"I don't believe in swivel-chair campaigning," he said. "Discretion will be left to the generals in the field. Signs that look hopeful to the man back home in the swivel chair may prove the reverse in the field itself.

"It's like the creditor who rang and asked if Mr. Spender was at home.

"Yes, sir, walk right in, sir," said the footman, cordially. "Mr. Spender is at home, sir."

"Thank goodness," said the creditor. "I'm going to see my money at last."

"Oh, don't make that mistake, sir," said the footman. "If Mr. Spender had any money he wouldn't be at home."

Fisherman's Luck. "Talk about me running you down and marrying you in spite of yourself. You know you were fishing for a husband when I came along!"

"Yes, and I had the same luck you do when you go fishing."

"You mean you made a good catch?"

"No. I mean that the biggest fish got away."

Enlarged View. Stranger—What sort of a man is your neighbor, John Bragg?

Native—Oh, he's all right—but he has a telescopic imagination.

Stranger—A telescopic imagination! Native—Yes. John can't even tell the truth without getting it two or three sizes larger than it really is.

Concentrated

Satisfaction

A great many former users of tea and coffee have learned that there is a pure food beverage made from wheat, which has a delightful flavor.

It never exacts of its users the tribute of sleeplessness, heart-flutter, headache and other ills often caused by the drug, caffeine, in coffee and tea.

Instant Postum

suggests the snappy flavor of mild java coffee, but is absolutely free from caffeine or any harmful ingredient. Instant Postum is in condensed, soluble form, and wonderfully convenient for the home—for the picnic—for travel—everywhere.

If tea or coffee interferes with comfort or success, as it does for many users, try a shift to Postum.

"There's a Reason"



A FOUL VILLA'S MEN

Capt. George B. Rodney

SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp, commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa's men. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border line and they surrender to Kynaston. Dorothy and Mrs. Fane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. Blind Mexican priest appears in camp and claims interned Mexicans have in the spoils brought across the line a wonderful emerald bell stolen from a shrine by Zapata and taken from him by Carranza troops. Priest is searching for the emerald in order to return it to the shrine. Kynaston finds jewel and reports to department headquarters. Major Upton appears from headquarters to take charges of valuables captured. Priest and emerald bell disappear. Kynaston slips across border with one man to aid Upton family surrounded by Villistas.

How can Lieutenant Kynaston warn the American government that Villa is about to invade the United States, if he has to admit the fact that he has violated neutrality by crossing the border into Mexico—an admission that will mean his dismissal from the service?

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"You stay here, sergeant, with the rest of the detachment, on the American side. I will cross over, and if I find I need you I shall start a fire. You can see it for ten miles. If you see a fire show three times, come right into Mexico with all the men. I shall take one man with me.

"It is just possible that we may be able to help the people without getting ourselves into trouble. In any case, we must not get into a row on the wrong side of the line. Be sure to keep a man on the lookout. I shall make two flares if I want you. Nolan, you come with me."

The old soldier would have liked to remonstrate with his officer, but the habits of discipline of twenty years were too strong. He saluted, and, bidding his men dismount and loosen their cinches, watched his young superior and Nolan as they walked their horses down the hill in the growing light.

When they reached the level ground they took up the trot, and presently were out of sight among the scrubby cacti and the mesquit bushes that covered the face of the land.

It was a great risk to take; not that the danger of actual conflict was great, but there was the certainty that if his interference should become known to the higher authorities Kynaston would have to be offered up as a sacrifice to Mexican complaints.

"We'll move up to that hill just above the minehouse, Nolan, and see what we can from there. There go some more shots. It looks to me as though the place is being attacked from the southern side. If so, we will hide under cover on the range to the north and work down toward the house. We'll hide our horses among the bowlders and scout down afoot."

So, moving very carefully along the bowlder-strewn hillside, they tied their horses to a great mesquit bush that stood in the bottom of an arroyo. Taking their rifles from the scabbards, they picked their way warily up the slope to the summit, a point from which they could plainly see the attack.

The Santa Cruz mine lay some six hundred yards below them. A little cottage built of adobe showed where the superintendent lived, and across from it stood the general store. Behind this again, surrounded in front with adobe walls that marked the corral where the mine mules were kept, stood the long engine house.

Dark, yawning mouths gaping at them from the hillside showed where the lines of the ore-cars were loaded in the drift, for the Santa Cruz was fortunate above most mines in that it was possible to tunnel straight into the breast of the hill without digging a shaft.

Far below the line of the buildings Kynaston and Nolan, looking down from the vantage-point of their hill, saw in a far hollow a group of riderless horses, with one or two dismounted men guarding them.

"There's their herd. Look, Nolan! Do you see their line?"

Before Nolan could speak the long crack and rattle of rifle fire broke out from the line of giant cottonwood trees that marked the bottom of the now dry watercourse.

The bullets whined over the house; some of them kicked up spurts of dust from the adobe walls. An answering shot from the house told that the defenders were wide awake. Kynaston saw the shot take ground on the slope below him.

At once awake to the necessity of finding some way of getting to the house undiscovered, Kynaston scanned the ground in his front carefully.

The hillside where he lay was cut up by many acequias, or little ditches, made by the rains of past years. These little ditches ran straight down the slope toward the house. Where these ran out into the burned alfalfa patches stood the cottage, and beyond this again the corrals and the stables.

Still farther to the south, beyond the lines of the adobe walls, the ground sloped more gently to a little stream bed bordered with cottonwoods, along which the attacking party had taken up its position.

"H-m! It's a good thing for us that the house is between us and harm. We will try to work our way down that acequia to our left. Come on, Nolan!"

So, belly down, as coyotes crawl on their game, the two Americans very slowly began their advance on the beleaguered house.

One, two, three hundred yards they crept down the hillside. Presently, when they reached a point where the acequia opened out into the grass-land, Kynaston would go no further.

"We've got to stay here till we can attract their attention," he explained. "If we go any farther we'll be shot at. While I don't particularly mind being shot at by a greaser I don't covet hav'n' old Upton line his sights on me. Raise up a bit, Nolan, and stick your hat up on the end of your rifle so they can see it."

The hat, thus showing above the edge of the ditch, was presently seen by the defenders. A shout from the rear wall of the cottage brought old Mr. Upton to the massive door, which he threw open. Kynaston and Nolan saw him standing for a moment with a pair of field glasses at his eyes, scanning them curiously.

Presently, reassured, he waved his hand. Still belly down among the red dust and the empty cans that for years had been thrown there from the house, the two soldiers crept painfully down through the chicken yard, past the pony corral, and so up into the back yard of the house itself.

Mr. Upton shook hands warmly with the youngsters.

"Where 're your men, Kynaston? Where 're your men? You never came here by yourself?"

"What's the trouble?" asked Kynaston. "We heard the firing and saw the flames; what was it?"

"Hay corrals. Two hundred tons of new hay that those devils burned up for me. They sent word that if I didn't pay them ten thousand dollars for what they call their 'war chest' they'd burn the place."

"Who are they?"

"Rebels, of course. Some of Villa's men. You never can tell who they are. They'd been down there since before daylight. What 're you going to do? Where 're your men?"

"Five miles back. Left 'em on the last ridge with orders not to come up unless I signal for 'em. I dare not start anything on this side of the line, you know. You can pull out here by the same way that we got here and refugee across the line, to my men."

"And leave all I've got in the world? No, thanks. But I should like to get my daughter and Mrs. Fane out if we can. Can you get them across?"

"Sure thing. Come on."

"Come into the house and I'll get them started to pack up so you can get right back."

Kynaston stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once, for the memory of the pretty Miss Upton was more than enough to send the blood flowing faster through his veins.

Dorothy met him in the great hall. It was filled with smoke from the lower line of loopholes, where two of the employees of the mine were firing rapidly at the attacking party below them. The smoke sucked back through the hall as Mr. Upton opened the door.

"I'm more than glad to see you again!" cried Dorothy, as she gave him her both hands. "How did you get here and why?"

"To get you out," he said quickly. "But you must come at once. We can't delay a moment. At any minute they may work around to flank you on the hillside, Upton, and if they do there will be no chance of anyone getting away from the house."

Mrs. Fane, who had joined the group, was listening white-faced.

"You girls, get your things at once," ordered Upton. "Kynaston is right. He cannot cross the line to help us in force, and the only thing he can do is to take the two of you off my hands. Dorothy, Marion, go and get your things. Go, I say! I shall stay here until something turns up. I do not mean to have this place looted without taking it out of the hands of the men who do it. Go, girls."

As the two women ran hastily to their rooms to get what few things they could take with them Upton quickly outlined his movements and Kynaston's.

"Take them to your camp, Kynaston, and keep them there till you hear from me. I'll probably be with you by tomorrow or the next day. I shall not leave here till I have come to some sort of an understanding about this property. They dare not loot the place openly. Here are the girls now."

Nolan, looking north under the sharp of his hand through the partially opened back door, was volleying low-toned curses.

"I beg pardon, sir, but—I couldn't help it. There go our horses, sir."

He pointed to two little brown spots that showed momentarily against the brown of the hillside. The two Americans' horses were loose and had taken the chance to return to their own camp—five miles away.

"It's a good thing we saw it in time—Look out! Low bridge for all thin skulls!"

Where-e-e! A bullet whined past Upton and buried itself in the heavy door post. It came straight from the hill where Kynaston and Nolan had secreted themselves an hour before, away up in the rear of the house.

Upton dragged them back into the house and slammed the door, which he barred.

"I wonder what in the world that means," said Mrs. Fane breathlessly, oblivious to the fact that Kynaston had taken and kept hold of her hand.

"It means," said Upton, working feverishly to close the shutters of the windows on the north side, "that they've got men on that side of us—Now, Kynaston, you said that you could signal your sergeant to come to help us. What was your signal?"

Kynaston shook his head.

"We must use every other means before we do that," he said slowly.

"If our men cross the line as an armed body it means intervention and war."

"We haven't got a whole lot of choice," commented Upton savagely. "Don't you see that they've got us surrounded on all sides? There comes their line, moving out of the cottonwoods to the attack now. Get to your loopholes, men."

And Kynaston, peering through the narrow loophole that Upton had cut in the shutter, saw a thin line of men moving forward across the open land in widely extended order.

The attack was on.

CHAPTER V.

Water! Kynaston watched carefully the line of men which was working out of the clump of cottonwood trees to the south. He noted that they came forward very slowly, seeking cover carefully, and that they were a good seven hundred yards away.

At that range his own rifle and that of Nolan were the only two that could be counted upon for efficient service, the ordinary hunting rifle rarely being sighted for over three hundred yards.

There were five other men in the house—Mr. Upton, John Wilkes, an old miner about sixty-five years old; an American mine surveyor named Wilson, and two Mexican servants, one of whom was the cook. In addition to these there were himself and Nolan, Mrs. Fane and Miss Upton, and an old Mexican woman who had lived at the place for twenty years.

"First of all, Upton—it's a bit late to ask about it now if arrangements have not already been made—but how is your water supply?"

Upton looked at him, frankly puzzled for a moment.

"Heaven knows! Miranda there—indicating the old woman—generally gets the water that we drink from the spring in a bucket, but we pump water to the bathroom from the windmill, yonder."

He pointed down the slope to a windmill faintly discerned against the line of the green alfalfa patch.

"That'll be the first point of attack then," growled Kynaston. "Nolan, set your sights for six hundred and fifty yards and cut loose at the first person you see going for the windmill. They'll be trying to disconnect it."

"Too late, sir," said Nolan, peering out. "They've got it already."

"Worse luck!" snapped Kynaston. He turned again to Upton.

"How much water in the house?"

Upton ran quickly back into the kitchen, whence he came back with a bucket in his hand, a look of chagrin upon his face.

"There is only this one bucket and it isn't full by a long shot. What'll we do, Kynaston?"

"Do like Br'er Terrapin did when the cornfield was set on fire. He 'set and tuk it,' if you remember your Uncle Remus," said Kynaston grimly. "Put that bucket somewhere where it can't be upset, Upton. It's all we've got, and the Lord knows when we'll get any more."

"Make the ladies sit down on the floor, Upton, below the line of the loopholes, so that no stray shot can hit them."

"There they come! And by Jove, it looks as if they mean business at last! Sending a flag of truce forward. The nerve of the beasts!"

"Will you see the flag of truce, Upton? I can't go. You see, I'm in a uniform and it must not get out that a United States officer is over here on Mexican soil. Take your revolver with you and don't let them come within ten yards of you. I'll cover you from the house."

Do you think Mr. Upton will be able to make terms which provide for the safe-conduct of his daughter and her friend to the United States, and which will permit Kynaston and Nolan to get out of Mexico unseen?

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UNCLE SAM OPENS COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION WASHINGTON

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"Go Great Northern" and Register at Spokane, Wenatchee, Colville, Republic or Omak—July 5th to 22nd, inclusive

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Round Trip Homeseekers' Fares to all registration points named will be in effect June 20th, July 4th and July 18th. Summer Tourist Fares to North Pacific Coast points, on sale every day, permit stopover for registration at Spokane and Wenatchee. Both fares allow stopovers enroute at Glacier National Park either on going or return trip.

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Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best location, for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or

G. A. COOK, 2012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Canadian Government Agent

Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre
Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre
Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre

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